



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

Whether the present session of Congress will be marked by any further action on Mr. Holway's bill, reported last session, establishing a Department of Agriculture, is very doubtful. It will probably be allowed to die, without any one taking the trouble to sustain its life, or give it further form or activity.

Why do not the farmers of the Union take hold of this matter themselves, and speak to Congress in such way and manner as will make them listen, and, hearing, obey? Until they do arise in their strength, and demand this thing, we fear Congress will do nothing of the kind. At present, what is done for agriculture is done by way of appendage to the Patent Office, and this much has been established by constant teasing and worrying of Congress.

Imperfect as this arrangement is,—a mere subordinate, as it were, to other departments,—we look upon it as a source of a vast deal of good to the community. Its reports, and the seeds which it scatters throughout the Union, are doing a vast amount of good, and are productive of practical benefit to those who receive them. If, then, a department thus subordinate, thus hampered, and thus feeble in regard to its own intrinsic strength, is able to do so much good, how much more beneficial it would be, if placed upon a permanent foundation, with funds and power to act of itself without reference to the wants and biddings of other departments.

We trust the day is coming, and that not far distant, when the Department of Agriculture will be, like the other Departments, a co-equal branch of our general government.

"SAFE OLD FELLOWS."

The Editor of the American Farmer observed, while crossing a field of wheat, that although the soil was fertile and well adapted to the crop, the sorrel was as abundant as the grain, and that the latter would have a hard contest with the sorrel to hold its own and mature seed. He says this field belongs to what a friend of his styled "a safe old fellow," and he goes on and thus describes one.

Your "safe old fellows" don't believe in agricultural papers and book farming. It is so with this farmer,—a prudent, hard working, painstaking man,—a man who meets his obligations, for he has to meet—a safe man—very—for he never made a venture. Catch one of your safe men spending a dollar, unless he sees six per cent. at the end of the year in black and white.

He went on ahead, because it is safer to stand still. He went on, because he has seen people get themselves into trouble by thinking. He went on, because he has seen people get into practice, and practice is all right to him. He doesn't perceive that there is any difference between good and bad. When he succeeds it is all good management; if he fails, it is good management still; but what a man can do with such wretched weather? therefore he is practical to the end of the chapter. What he makes is the work of his own hands,—what he does not make, Providence forbids. Why should he be not satisfied? Let him rest and rest. If he does not walk he will not fall. If he does not go on horseback he will never be thrown off. If he will not ride on a railroad, he will not be engaged in "a smash up." Our "safe" friend is astonished that people who know these facts will walk, ride horses, or travel on railroads, yet a great many people do these things with apparent advantage to themselves.

BETHEL FARMERS' CLUB.

The Annual Meeting of the Club was held Dec. 21, at the house of Dr. N. T. True. The officers for the ensuing year were chosen, viz:—

JOSEPH BROWN, President.
ISAAC C. CROSS, Vice President.
A. L. BURNAP, Secretary.
N. T. TRUE, Librarian.
ZEPHAN THOMPSON, Treasurer.
GILMAN CHAPMAN, Committee on Subjects.
N. T. TRUE.

The subject for discussion was on the Cultivation of the Potato. A prominent feature of the discussion was to discard all theories and deal with facts.

Rev. Mr. Thompson introduced the subject by alluding to the question, so often discussed, whether large or small potatoes were best for seed. He stated what he regarded as a fact, that during the process of decay, the potato itself would afford nourishment to the growing plant, but there was a limit to this. Other conditions are necessary for the full development of the plant. He thought that a very large potato would have a tendency to produce many small ones.

Dr. True suggested, that like many other things, there may be opposite extremes prejudicial to the cultivation of the potato. He thought that a medium sized potato better for seed than a very large, or a very small one. He had planted small potatoes sometimes, rather than necessity than from choice, and the crop had always been far from satisfactory. They grew up with a slender stalk entirely wanting that vigor so necessary for a good crop. Much discussion has been carried on among farmers in regard to the seed and butt ends of the potato. He thought that if you transversely divide a potato that has a dozen eyes into two equal parts, that a dozen stalks springing up would not do well. Three or four stalks in a hill are sufficient for a good crop.

The President thought that potatoes might be made a profitable crop. Many farmers in his vicinity are turning their attention to growing up their old pastures and obtaining good crops, and at the same time improving their pastures.

Mr. Isaac C. Cross stated that he raised, the previous year, twenty-nine bushels of the State of Maine potatoes, from one half bushel of seed. The previous year he broke up a piece of land, and sowed with oats, then plowed in the stubble

and spread on the furrow a good coating of coarse manure, and also dressed in the hill. He preferred harrowing in, rather than plowing in manure, and spring, rather than fall plowing for potatoes. Mr. Cross was listened to with much interest by all present.

Dr. True concurred with Mr. Cross in his views, judging from his own experience. For eight years past he has planted potatoes on nearly the same kind of soil, a strong upland. For six years he plowed in his manure and failed of a remunerating crop each year. For two past years he harrowed in his manure and has obtained a very handsome crop. The present year, he harrowed in the furrow a generous supply of coarse manure, then manured lightly in the hill, and applied a handful of plaster which had been saturated with sea water, and he had the best crop he had ever raised. Nor had the rot affected them scarcely at all. Doubts might be expressed in regard to this mode of cultivation with reference to the subsequent crops of grain and grass which should be taken into account.

The subject then naturally turned to the subject of deep manuring and deep plowing.

Gilman Chapman, Esq., quoted a recent article from the Massachusetts Ploughman, in which the writer stated that manure should not, ordinarily, be more than three inches below the surface. Sandy land, he thought, should receive a shallow plowing, but most of the intervals would admit of deep plowing as the plow could be made to run. Plow deep, but not manure too deep, seemed to be the rule.

Jedediah Burbank, Esq., thought that plowing and manuring should correspond. If we wish to plow deep, we should manure heavily.

Mr. A. J. Burbank gave his experience, the past year, in the use of superphosphate of lime on corn. He used two parts of plaster, and one of the superphosphate, and succeeded finely, where he planted in the hill, but saw no effect from a top dressing.

After discussing the merits of the Dr.'s apples, the Ex-President, J. A. Twitchell, Esq., stated that although he had not been engaged in farming, the past year, he would show the company what he had done, if they would look over the Dr.'s new house.

The meeting was one of much interest, and was an earnest of what our semi-monthly meetings will be, through the winter. Our only regret is that more of the farmers in this vicinity do not feel an interest in the subjects discussed, and attend the meetings in much larger numbers. Aside from the information obtained and imparted, they prove to be among the pleasantest social gatherings which can be found. N. T. T. Bethel, Dec. 2, 1856.

NOTE. The above communication was mislaid soon after received, which must be our apology for not publishing it sooner. Success to the Bethel Farmers' Club. We hope to receive regular reports of their meetings. E.

For the Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURAL SHOWS AND FAIRS.
MR. EDITOR:—The ably written article in the 21 number of your present volume, by "Unity with Consistency," requires of us all something more than a passing thought.

The remarks upon the present mode of awarding premiums by agricultural societies, must commend themselves to the minds of all thoughtful men, who have the good cause of agriculture at heart. That the producer is the one to be encouraged and rewarded, no one ought to gainsay; and it is the absolute duty of societies to prevent the mere consumer from appropriating this right.

Brother farmers, let us ponder upon the suggestions presented in the section treating of our hauls. Have we not been thoughtless here? Shall we have to the trustees and managers of agricultural societies—Protect the ox from those hours of torture. Award your premiums to the most generally useful qualities. Let the perfected development of his muscles be incidentally exposed, as extra strength is occasionally needed in ploughing, rather than in straining against enormous dead weight, seldom necessary on the farm.

Again—adopting the most suggestion—if the comparative merits of horse trainers can be obtained, give them the favorable notice which would be so valuable. Still further—ought not the societies, in their distribution of books, to endeavor to diffuse through the producing community such works as convey sound, practical information upon this subject of training domestic animals, so often made a very mystery of?

But I must protest against the position lately taken by a few of the agricultural papers, and assumed by "Unity," with regard to the exhibition of a horse's action and trotting speed upon an enclosed track, for, I honestly believe, it is a false one. One leading object of agricultural societies is to improve the breeds of domestic animals depending upon man for support, and helping to support man in their dependency. The true way of accomplishing this must be by a nice adaptation of means to the desired end. Are they not doing this? Let us see. By a proper management of the ox, man has relieved his back of his heaviest burdens, a part that animal is, by nature, well fitted for, but in which a slow motion is indispensably requisite. Extending his government to the horse, he obtains for correspondingly aid to his legs a servant admirably adapted to speed. In the cultivation of their respective qualifications, he finds he can persuade the ox to draw willingly, patiently, and perhaps cheerfully; while in the horse he at once perceives an inherent ambition which prompts him to "go in and win," whenever he finds himself opposed to an enemy of his species; it is a pleasure, and he enjoys it. Frequently, untrained and of his own accord, he seeks the sport, engages himself in a headlong race in the pasture or on the road, taxing his unformed muscles beyond remedy. Now there can be no moral wrong to the horse in gratifying his ardor of inclination, and with his impetuosity managed by the skill of his driver, and by previous judicious training, the power of endurance which he so eminently possesses in his peculiar part perfected, the chances of physical injury are really less than in other employment.

It is a noteworthy fact, that upon an established race track the horse is seldom injured or abused. How is it with our farm horses and roadsters? What are our public conveyances how is it? But what are the specifications against the track? They are none that I have heard, but a tone of fictitious generalization is deliberately assumed by all its opponents. The sole apparent objection shadowed forth by "Unity" might be overcome by simply substituting a straight for the circular track; and as for general gambling operations, "necessitate rei," they are not there. Individual vices may occur on the trotting of horses, the skipping of fleas, or the eccentricities of "drives," but it can be restricted from open manifestation within the enclosure of an agricultural exhibition as well as in the village or on the country road—more than this cannot be effected anywhere, certainly not by doing away with anything short of all the vicious and evil inclinations extant in this world of ours.

Now the advantages accruing directly from the track are very great. There the complete setting forth of the horse's power appears; only there can a thorough appreciation of perfect condition in this animal be obtained. Would any mere display of him in his stall excite the spirit of emulation requisite to progress in breeding? Could we reasonably hope for a continuance of the progression, now incontestably going on, in the value of horses in this country, were we to do away with the track? Cannot every man obtain more real knowledge of the horse, and of a more practical and available character, in one hour, as a looker on among intelligent horsemen at a race track, than he can acquire by months of the most of us in New England? I appeal confidently to every impartial man who has a desire for instruction,—and for fun, too,—spent so much time at such a dreadful place.

I have no arguments to offer in favor of "foot-racing," or lady jockeys. If they cast for a part and perform it publicly, they must learn to bear criticism and take hard knocks, which I hope they will receive; but I must confess I dare not "lend" them a single one without gloves.

My object, Mr. Editor, in offering you these remarks, is, as a brother farmer, to endorse most of the excellent article by "Unity," and to call a little thought to the intrinsic worth which I believe there is in an established track, under the control of the trustees of our agricultural societies, altogether beyond the reach of interested parties, as it would thus be, for any illegitimate purpose; and for this, not so much for the track of itself, but for it as an important feature in the agricultural exhibition, and in a pecuniary point of view, the indispensable part.

South Windham, Jan. 4, 1857.

For the Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURAL SHOWS AND FAIRS.

MR. EDITOR:—I have read your remarks in the Farmer of the 1st inst., and the communication of a correspondent, upon "Agricultural Fairs," &c., with very great satisfaction. His ideas so entirely correspond with those which I had, when looking on at the recent State Fair in Portland, that I queried whether there had not been, at some period, a mesmeric communication between the writer and myself. But having, for a long time, had little or no confidence in any such influences, whether they pass under the name of mesmerism, spirit rappings, or any other variety of folly, I concluded to view the communication as entirely independent of myself.

I feel a deep interest in having our agricultural exhibitions conducted in such a manner as to produce the most healthful and beneficial influence in the community. Now it must be apparent to every reflecting parent, who has daughters, that to come upon the stage and participate in the active duties of life, that their manner and notions of propriety will not be improved at all by imitating some of the usages that have lately been introduced upon our show grounds. The very last time I met the Hon. Mr. S., of Plymouth Co., (now no more,) he remonstrated very strongly against the riding of ladies at shows, which had lately engrossed much attention in that county. The judgment of this gentleman was entitled to as much regard, in a matter of this kind, as any other I have known. And I am free to say, that I should be entirely unqualified to say that a daughter of mine should be thus exposed.

So. Danvers, Mass., Jan. 2, 1857.



Portrait of Gimerack.

MORGAN HORSES.

The above is a representation of "Gimerack," which is taken from a very interesting book entitled "Morgan Horses; a premium essay on the origin, history, and characteristics of this remarkable American breed of horses, &c., by D. C. Linsley, of Middlebury, Vermont." This work is published by C. M. Saxton & Co., in their usually neat and handsome style. We were taken by surprise on the receipt of this work, as we had a surmise that our friend Sanford Howard of the Boston Cultivator, would some time furnish the public with a history of this "remarkable breed" of horses, knowing, as we did, that he always took a great interest in them, and has done much to give the public information in regard to their "rise and progress," or in other words their origin and history. However, Mr. Linsley has furnished us with a very pleasing work,—it is undoubtedly correct, and is certainly fully illustrated with portraits of Morgans, both known and unknown to fame.

The above cut, though inserted in the book, is not a Morgan, but a celebrated English horse that made his mark in English horseflesh nearly a hundred years ago, and is brought forward now to exhibit some points of similarity between him and the present breed of Morgans, now so widely spread in the northern and western States of the Union.

The following account is given of him in the work, which is copied from the American Turf Register. "Gimerack," the sire of "Medley," was one of the most remarkable horses of the day, in England. He was a gray, and called the "little gray horse Gimerack" as foaled in 1700, got by "Cripple," a son of "Godolphin Arabian," dam "Miss Elliott," by "Griewood's Partner," grand dam "Celia," by "Partner," "Bloody Buttocks," "Greyhound," "Blacklock," "Betty." Gimerack was one of the severest running and hardest bottomed horses that ever ran in England; although small, yet his ability to carry weight was very great, for he frequently gave the odds as high as twenty-eight pounds, and he continued on the turf until eleven years of age, thereby showing his uncommon hardness of constitution, and firmness of limbs. "Gimerack" had acquired such fame and celebrity, that his last proprietor left him a length of time at Tattersall's, (a famous horse mart in England) for the inspection of the public."

The history of the Morgan horse is singular and interesting to the farmers and lovers of good horses. That one or two horses as the Justin Morgan, which is the first one known as a Morgan horse, and his son the Sherman Morgan, should so stamp their points and characteristics on a long line of descendants, as to be as it were indelible, and recognized by the most careless observer, is indeed surprising.

This was a peculiar feature which we noticed at the first Horse Show held in Springfield, Mass., a few years ago. The Morgans were there, in full feather, and the great similarity in size, symmetry, motion, and temper, was noticed by every one.

Vermont, though not claiming the honor of originating the Morgan horses, may nevertheless feel proud of being the foster mother of them, and of first breeding and introducing them into the world, and the farmers of that State by the manifestations of their good sense and judgment, in preserving and propagating such a valuable breed of horses, have laid the community at large under great obligations to them.

We are glad that at length the Vermont breeders are reaping a goodly harvest from this enterprise. They deserve it. Those desirous of obtaining the work above named, can do so, by sending a dollar to C. M. Saxton & Co., 140, Fulton Street, New York.

For the Maine Farmer.

JAVA WHEAT.

ANSWER TO QUERIES ABOUT THE CROP OF 1856.

MR. EDITOR:—Enquiries are frequently coming in from different parts of our own as well as other States, asking for information as to the success of the Java Wheat crop, the present year, and I have just now received a letter from an old farmer in Bucks Co., Pennsylvania, requesting to have some forwarded for trial next year.

A correspondent from Lakewood, Conn., writes that he has lost his crop, (from seed I sent him last spring,) by extreme dry weather. Another, from Northbridge, Mass., says he did not receive his Java wheat in season to sow, but some of his townsmen procured the Java from New Hampshire, which did not do well. This New Hampshire wheat might or might not be the same variety as ours. Atrial of this, and another kind sent for Java last spring, was made within a few miles of our place. The result was, the genuine Java ripened a bright straw, and very good grain for the season, (though light, compared with that of former seasons,) whilst the stranger variety was killed dead with rust when about in the blossom, and of course worthless.

A friend in Falmouth, Barnstable Co., Mass., writes that from one bushel we sold him last spring, he grew 18 bushels, at the rate of more than 28 bushels to the acre, which is a good crop

on an old sea shore farm, where, if I am not mistaken, the raising of wheat had been nearly abandoned for a half century or more.

My worthy friend Wm. D. Dana, writing from Washington Co., (easterly part of Maine,) says: "Our grain crop is pretty good, though not so good as last year." Knowing that he was in the vicinity of "Red Beach," where this variety of wheat "first bloomed" in Maine, and where from the first they have not failed of good crops, I infer that the past season has been more favorable for grain with them, than with us in the valley of the Kennebec, and that they have a fair crop, at least, of Java wheat, which is more than can be said of ours, though we have not failed before of first rate crops, since it was introduced by us in this part of Maine.

From Kingsford, Somerset Co., Me., friend Israel R. Bray, one of the largest and most skillful wheat growers in Maine, who raised 500 bushels on 25 acres of plowed land in 1855, and some account of whose peculiar method of applying manure, and rotation of crops, was published in the Farmer last winter, writes that "my wheat was nearly ruined by the long continued rains of August. I sowed the Red, the Teal or Bald, and Java,—the Java has done the best, but I have not yet threshed, I will not attempt to give an opinion at present."

Whilst on a short excursion up the valley of the Schoodic, to Penobscot, last harvest season, I passed through a neighborhood where a few bushels of Java wheat, furnished by us, had been grown, one field of which being unharvested and close by the roadside, I went in and examined,—found the straw bright, and the berry large and plump. Another farmer that had gathered in his crop, said it was good, and the only variety of wheat raised there, but had proved nearly or quite a failure.

I will now give a brief account of what information I possess of the crop near home, and close. In this town a few acres of Java sown the last days of 4th mo. or first of 5th, (April or May,) produced excellent crops. Most farmers, however, postponed sowing until about the 20th, to the last of 5th mo., to escape the weevil, as heretofore wheat sown as late as this had never been troubled by these little depredators. This year it was otherwise,—the weevil fly came on our fields about one month later, and the last sown fared the worst. Add to this calamity the almost entire rainy and dark weather in the month of August, and it would be wonderful if we got much of a crop of late sown Java or any other grain; and truly we have not in this region, where weevils and stormy weather reigned triumphant from the time of blossom, to that of maturity of the berry.

A few days before the month's storm commenced, I looked over the fields of wheat carefully over, and put them down as good for 30 bushels to the acre, (except a small lot of Scotch Fife.) Next came a heavy rain with strong wind and leveled the whole with the ground, where it remained bleaching and blowing day after day without a glimpse of sunshine, or a breeze of west wind for weeks to dry the straw or help it to rise. After a week or more of this weather I went to examine a lot sown the 10th of 6 mo., and found it had been blown down before the straw had quite attained its full height, expecting to mow it for fodder,—found the straw bent, not broken, and the most of it sufficiently clear from the ground to admit of circulation of air and light to prevent its destruction, which I am satisfied would have been the case with any of the soft strawed varieties we have been sowing in past years.

Reports have been current for months that my wheat crop of 1856 was an entire failure. Per Contra.—In the last number, (Nov.) of the American Agriculturist, a correspondent of that paper over the signature of W. P. A., Halliwell, Me., speaking of the crops in this State the present year, says of wheat:—"Of the principal kinds of wheat grown here, the Canada, the Red head, the Illinois, and the Java, the last named has done the best."

the fine seed boxes in their winnowing mills would frequently collect quarts of the little orange colored larva. This year, not the first person that I have seen or heard from has seen one.

This may be all idle speculation. I hope not, and trust that if we are spared to another season, we may realize all I anticipate. At all events, if the weevil has changed its time of visiting our fields as late as the present year, by early sowing they may be avoided altogether, as all the early sown Java I have heard from, entirely escaped and gave good crops.

When ground intended for wheat is well plowed in the fall, there are some springs that it may be sown with safety before the frost is out. Some 20 years since, I had a field of dry land, the surface of which became dry and the frost out about 4 inches,—I sowed wheat upon it and had an excellent crop. I have troubled you by extending this communication to more than twice the length I intended. I trust I may never write on grain crops to trouble the public again.

MOSES TABER.

Vassalboro', 12th mo., 25th, 1856.

NORTH AROOSTOOK AG. SOCIETY.

AWARDS OF PREMIUMS.

Premiums awarded by the several Committees at the annual Cattle Show and Fair, Oct. 1st and 2d, 1856.

J. W. Haines, 1st premium on working oxen, \$3.00; 1st do. on 1 yr. old steers, 1.00; 2d do. on stock cow, 1.00; 2d do. on 3 yrs. old heifer, 1.00; 1st do. on breeding mare, 4.00; 2d do. on match horse, 3.00; 1st do. on bull calf, 1.00; 2d do. do. 75c.; 2d do. on buck, 2.00; 1st do. on ewe sheep, 4.00.

Wm. Y. Merchant, 1st premium on 3 years old steers, \$2.00.

M. C. Bolster, 2d premium on working oxen, \$2.00; J. F. Ellis, 2d do. on 3 yrs. old steers, \$1.50; John Allen, 3d do. on 3 yrs. old steers, \$1.00; 1st do. on matched horses, 4.00; 1st do. on grade bull, 3.00; 2d do. on improved bull, 3.00.

Jona. Ireland, 1st premium on breeding sow, \$2.00; 1st do. on pig, 2.00.

Jos. Blake, 2d premium on stock cow, \$3.00; 2d do. on 3 yrs. old heifer, 50c.; 2d do. on 1 yr. old heifer, 50c.

E. S. Fowler, 2d premium on milk cow, \$3.00; 1st do. on 2 yrs. old heifer, 1.50; 2d do. on 3 yrs. old cow, 2.00.

Mrs. A. Rogers, 1st premium on yearling heifer, \$1.50.

Sumner Whitney, 1st premium on milk cow, \$4.00; 1st do. on cow, 2.00; 2d do. on breeding cow, 1.00; 2d do. on 3 pigs, 1.00; 1st do. on 3 yrs. old cow, 3.00; 2d do. on ewe sheep, 3.00.

B. Backfill, 3d premium on milk cow, \$2.00.

G. B. Wellington, 1st premium on business horse, \$2.00; 1st do. on trotting horse, 3.00.

Freeman Ellis, Jr., 3d premium on working oxen, \$1.00.

Hiram Brackett, 1st premium on stud horse, \$4.00; Enoch Hoyt, 1st premium on Town team, letter D, \$10.00.

Cyrus Pomroy, 3d premium on improved bull, \$2.00; Jona. Hopkinson, 2d premium 2 yrs. old steers, \$1.00.

Jay Foster, 1st premium on steer calves, \$1.00; 2d do. on town cows, Prussia Isle, 5.00.

Hiram Stevens, 1st premium on stock cow, \$4.00; 1st do. on 3 yrs. old heifer, 2.00; 2d do. on same, 1.00; 2d do. on 1 yr. old heifer, 1.00; 1st do. on town cows, letter D, 75c.

J. D. Pike, 2d premium on native bull, \$2.00; 2d do. on cow sheep, 2.00.

D. F. Adams, 2d premium on trotting horse, \$2.00.

M. M. Truworthly, 3d do. on 2 yrs. old steers, \$1.00; B. Cummings, 1st do. on 2 yrs. old steers, \$1.50; 2d do. on 1 yr. old heifer, 50c.

E. Richardson, 2d do. on 1 yr. old steers, 75c.

Joel Dean, 2d premium on breeding mare, \$3.00; 2d do. on yearling colt, 1.00; 2d do. on town team, letter G, 5.00.

S. B. Patten, 1st premium on 2 yrs. old colt, \$2.00.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES.

Mrs. John Allen, 4th premium on June butter, \$1.00; 1st do. on brown bread, 1.00; 1st do. on flour bread, 75c.

Mrs. Joseph Blake, 4th premium on table butter, \$1.00; Mrs. James Cushman, 2d premium on cheese, \$2.50; 3d do. on June butter, 1.75; 1st do. on fall butter, 3.00; 2d do. on butter, 25c.

T. F. Bailey, 3d premium on counterpane, 50c.; 1st do. on quilt, 25c.

Mrs. David Foster, 2d premium on bed quilt, \$1.00; 2d do. on mat, 25c.; 1st do. on cheese, 3.00; 2d do. on fall butter, 1.75.

Mrs. Hiram Stevens, 3d premium on bed quilt, 50c.; 3d do. on cheese, 2.00; 2d do. on June butter, 5.00.

Mrs. Fred Ellis, 1st premium on knit edging, 50c.; 2d do. on same, 25c.

Mrs. Lovina Stanley, 1st premium on embroidered skirt, 1.00; under sleeves, 25c.; handkerchief, 25c.

Mrs. Mary Whitney, stand cloth, gratuity 25c.

Mrs. Ames, hearth rug, gratuity 25c.

Mrs. F. Stanley, knit tidy, gratuity 50c.

Mrs. A. Chase, 1st premium on counterpane, 1.00; 50c. quilt, gratuity 25c.; shells and bouquets, grat. 50c.

Mrs. Joel Dean, table cover, gratuity 25c.

Mrs. Ivory Harrison, 3d premium on twilled cloth, 1.00; 2d do. on fall butter, 2.00; honey, 1.00.

Otis Eastman, 3d premium on satin, 1.00; worsted yarn, 50c.

Mrs. Samuel Samson, 1st premium on dress pattern, 50c.; 2d do. on cotton and wool flannel, 25c.; 3 pairs over socks, gratuity 50c.; 1st do. June butter, 3.00.

Mrs. Jesse S. Averill, 1st premium on dress pattern, 1.00.

Miss Mary Ann Harrison, 1st premium on quilt, 1.50.

Mrs. A. Backfill, 2d premium on knit edging, 25c.

Mrs. A. Chase, 1st premium on counterpane, 1.00; 50c.; 5 caps, gratuity 25c.; sack, gratuity 50c.

Mrs. L. F. Ellis, 1st premium on woolen blankets, 1.50; 4th do. on cheese, 1.00.

Mrs. Jotham Hopkinson, 1st premium on willow cloth, 2.50; 6 pairs, half hose, 75c.; 2d prem. on counterpane, 75c.

Mrs. H. Haines, 1st premium on woolen carpet, 1.00; 1st do. on worsted yarn, 50c.

Vernae Chandler, 2d premium on folded cloth, 3.00.

Mrs. J. D. Pike, 2d premium on dress pattern, 75c.; 1st do. on cotton and wool flannel, 1.00; 1st do. worsted socks, 50c.; 1st do. on table linen, 1.00; fringed mitts, gratuity 25c.

Miss Sophia Ellis, 1st premium on hearth rug, 1.00.

Mrs. B. Cummings, 1st premium on rug carpet, 1.00.

Miss Ruth Mosher, embroidered pantslets, gratuity 25c.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

John Allen, 1st premium on grain cradle, 1.00.

Enoch Hoyt, 2d premium on ox yoke, 25c.

A. I. Rollins, 1st premium on same, 50c.

Samuel Samson, double wagon, gratuity 2

The Muse.

From the National Review.

THE CONQUEST OF FINLAND.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Across the frozen marshes

The winds of Autumn blow,

And the fens of the water

Are white with early snow.

But where the low, gray heathlands

Look over the Baltic bays,

A bark is sailing in the track

Of England's battle-line.

No waves bathed as to harbor

For Britain's fleet and grain;

She saileth not for pleasure,

She saileth not for gain.

But, still by ice or mainland,

She drops her anchor down,

Where the British cannon

Rained fire on tower and town.

Outspoke the ancient Apmann,

At the gate of Heligoland:

"Why comes this ship a-spying

In the track of England's war?"

"God bless her," said the coast-guard,

"God bless the ship, I say!"

The holy angels trim the sails

That speed her on her way!

"Where'er she drops her anchor,

The peasant's heart is sad,"

Where'er she spreads her parting sail,

The peasant's heart is sad."

"Each watch town and hamlet

She visits to restore;"

To roof the shattered cabin,

And feed the starving poor.

The sunken boats of fishers,

The foraged beech and grain,

The spoil of fate and storehouse,

The good ship brings again.

"And so to Finland's sorrow

The sweet answer is made,

As if the healing hand of Christ

Upon her wounds were laid!"

Then said the gray old Apmann,

"The will of God be done!"

The battle lost by England's side,

By England's love is won!

"We braved the iron tempest

That thundered on our shore;

But when did kindness fail to find

The key to Finland's door?"

"No more from Alton's ramparts

Shall warning signals come;

Nor startled Swabians hear again

The roll of midnight drum."

"Beside our fierce Black Eagle

The Dove of Peace shall rest;

And in the mouths of cannon

The sea-bird make her nest."

"For Finland, looking seaward,

No coming fleet shall awe;

And the holy bells of Alton

Shall ring, 'Good-will to man'!"

"Then row thy boat, oh, fisher!"

In peace on lake and sea;

And thou, young maiden, dance again

Around the poles of May!"

"Sit down old men, together;

Old wives, in quiet ease;

Henceforth the Anglo-Saxon

Is the brother of the Finn!"

*A late letter from England, in the Friends' Review,

says: "Joseph Sturge, with a companion, Thomas

Harris, has been visiting the shores of Finland, to ascertain

the amount of mischief and loss to poor and peace-

able sufferers, occasioned by the gun boats of the Allied

squadrons in the late war, with a view to obtaining relief

for them."

The Muse.

From Dickens' Household Words.

KESTER'S EVIL EYE.

CHAPTER I.

In the cottage to the left hand of the forge at

Harwood there lived, about five and twenty years

ago, a man by the name of Christopher—or, as the

country-folks abbreviated it, Kester—Pate-

man. He had formerly held the post of village

blacksmith and farrier, but had long since re-

tired from the exercise of his craft. He was said

to have the gift of the evil eye; not that he was

a malicious man, but that involuntarily his look

blighted whatever it fixed upon. Friend or en-

emy, his own children or aliens, it was all one;

Kester's eye settled on them, and they withered

away. No single thing prospered with him. The

crops on his little farm were always either frost-

ed, blighted, or miserably thin; or, if they were

good and abundant, rain came after the corn was

cut, and it lay out until it sprouted and rotted

away; once he got it all stacked and the stack

took fire; another time the grain was threshed

out and stored up in safety, but the rats devoured

a third of it. His cattle were the leanest in the

country; his sheep died of disease; his children

perished one by one as they grew up to manhood

and womanhood; every horse he shod, fell lame

before it had gone a mile. Kester was a miser-

able man; all the country avoided him as if he

had got the plague.

Kester had one child left: a daughter born

long after the rest; she being the offspring of a

young Irish girl whom he had chosen to marry

in his old age. The Irish girl ran away soon

after the child's birth, on the plea of having a hus-

band in her own country whom she liked better.

Kester made no attempt to bring her back, but

contented himself by spoiling Katie. Katie was

not a bit like what other children had been;

she was her mother over again. Two wide-open

dark blue eyes, a white skin considerably freck-

led, black locks always in a tangle, a wide

red mouth, and little teeth like pearls; a figure

smart and lissome, and a step that lifted along

as if it kept time to an inward time, made of

Katie a village beauty and a coquette.

The strangest thing of all was (so the people

thought at least) that Kester's evil eye had no

effect on Katie. She grew as strongly and bloomed

as hardily, as the wild bird in the hedge-row—

Every body remembered the five children who

were borne to him by his first wife; how they

pined for their cradle. They had a sickly help-

in their faces like their mother; while Katie's

cheeks were red as a damask rose; they crept

about home weary and ailing always, while Katie

was away in the woods, nutting and bird-nesting

like a boy. Kester could deny her nothing, and

she grew up, to the wonder of the village, health-

ier, more willful, and bonnier than any girl in

the district.

CHAPTER II.

The blacksmith who had succeeded Kester Pate-

man at the village forge was a young man of her

culean strength, and a wild character. He was

more than suspected of a tenderness for the

Squire's pheasants, but the gamekeeper had not

yet been found bold enough to give him a night

encounter in the woods; his name was Rob Mc-

Lean; he had been a soldier, and was discharged

with a good conduct pension, after ten years'

service, and two wounds. He was Katie's first

sweetheart. She was very proud to be seen walk-

ing with him in the green lane on Sunday nights;

but when he began to talk about marrying, she

laughed and said no, she was not for him, he was

too old.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN

Jasper Linford, the miller's eldest son, next

cast his eyes upon her, and followed her like her

shadow for a month; but no—Katie did not fancy

him, he was too ugly; he required, he had red

hair, and his legs were not both of the same

length. Then there was Peter Askew, the squire's

huntsman, but he was a widower; and Phil Cree-

sey, the gardener, but he was a goose; and Tom

Carter—but Katie could never abide a tailor.

While Katie, very hard to please, was coquet-

ting with her would-be lovers, perfectly satis-

fied heart-free, Kester Pateman had settled all

the time when she should marry—Johnny Martin,

and nobody else. Johnny was the only son of

Martin, the squire's coachman, who had saved

money. He was a simple young man, with lank

hair, a neck expression of countenance, and some

gift for expounding, which he practiced to small

select congregations in Pateman's barn every

Sunday evening. When Kester announced his

intention to his daughter, Katie pouted her

red lips and tossed her head, saying with an accent

of superlative contempt, "That Johnny!" But

she answered neither yes nor nay to her father's

words; and the next Sunday "that Johnny"

came courting with a little basket of cabbage on

his arm, as an offering to his belle.

Katie looked as if it would have done her heart

good to fling them one after the other in his fat

foolish face, but she restrained the impulse; and

only said:

"I'll plant 'em out to-morrow, Johnny."

"Plant them out, Katie! Why they're to eat."

"Pigs?" asked Katie in innocent bewilder-

ment. "We're not keepers."

"No, they're for you, Katie; they're the fin-

est white hearts."

"Hearts! Oh, Johnny, take 'em away direct-

ly; hearts—I never saw a heart before, but

she peeped into the basket with a face of horrified

curiosity.

Now, Johnny had proclaimed that his affections

had fallen on Katie because she was such a clever

girl, and could do everything; but this exhibition

of her talents by no means equalled his former

impressions. He tried her again:

"Now, you cook, Katie! Did you never stuff

and roast a heart for your father's dinner?"

"Oh, Johnny, and you putting up for the

school-master's place; what wicked nonsense you

are talking! Surely, you've called at the Blue

Cow by the way?"

Johnny, at this monstrous insinuation, broke

out into a cold perspiration; he was the most ab-

stemious of young men, and had a name in the

village for every variety of excellence; and Katie

was quite capable of telling her suspicions every-

where. He endeavored to take her hand and put

his arm round her waist; but Katie brought her

palm against his cheek with such hearty good

will that he was fain to subside upon his chair in

mild dismay.

"If you do that again, Johnny Martin, I'll

tell my father," she cried; and with an affect-

ed of great anger, she bowed his cabbage out

into the garden, and ordered him to march after

him in double quick time. He took up his hat

and obeyed her, casting on her, as he went, the

most piling and expostulatory glances.

"Don't stop at the Blue Cow, Johnny; go

straight home," she cried, as he went out at the

gate, and the defeated swain crept away quite

dejected.

Katie returned into the house, and began to

sneak her hair before the little glass by the kitchen

fire, humming a tune all the time, and thinking

how well she was rid of John, and thinking

how the voice sounded through the open window.

"I didn't stop at the Blue Cow, Katie."

She turned smartly round with such a shrill

voice that Johnny added, in haste to deprecate her

wrath, "I left my basket, Katie; let me get it—

it's in the corner."

"At your peril set foot over the door-stone,

Johnny!" Johnny's plump countenance instantly

disappeared. She snatched up the basket, threw

it after him, and then took a hearty fit of laugh-

ter to herself.

CHAPTER III.

It was the beginning of harvest; and on the

evening of the day after Johnny Martin's im-

pudicuous courting visit, Kester Pateman and

his wife were sitting on the wooden bench before the

door, she knitting, and he bemoaning, when a party

of Irish reapers, with their sickles in their hands,

came up the lane. They stopped at the gate, and

one of the men asked if Kester wanted hands for

his corn?

"No, I see the use of 'em," replied the

old man; "it'll all be spoilt."

It had been a splendid season, and Kester's

little fields showed as rich and ripe a crop as any

in the country; it was quite ready for cutting,

and the weather was settled and favorable.

"But, father, you must have hands," said

Katie, who had a most irreverent disbelief in the

evil eye; "two reapers and a binder, would be of

service in this week, and I'll overlook 'em for

luck." Kester stopped two men and a lad, and

bade the others go higher up the lane to Mar-

shall's farm. "But where's the good of it,"

Katie added. "Go! You've had a tidy for-

tune but for me. Go into the barn, lads, you'll

get your supper 'cown." The old man was very

dependent; for he had just lost a fine calf, which

he thought to sell at a good price. Katie bade

him cheer up, and went indoors to set out the

supper for the reapers. When it was ready, she

called to them to come; three as Ragged Robin

as ever might have served for scarecrows appear-

ed at her bidding.

One of them was a tall, fine young man, with

a head well set on his shoulders, a rousish eye,

and a very decided national tongue. He looked

at Katie, and she at him; and, for the first time

in her life, the girl's eyes fell, and her color rose.

Alick seemed slightly bashful, too—very slight-

ly—for, after dropping his glance on his plate for

a second, it followed Katie to and fro in the

kitchen without intermission, until she went out

into the garden again. Alick could see her through

the branches of briar across the window,

standing at the gate with her father, talking to

Rob McLean, and he immediately conceived an

intense dislike for that well-built son of Vulcan,

with a scar across his forehead. Alick jumped

to conclusions very quickly; he had fallen in love

at first sight, and was ready to quarrel with any

man who so much as looked at Katie.

Having made an end of his supper, he went

out into the lane to his comrades, who were sit-

ting under the hedge resting and munching

lumps of bread and cheese—Marshall's kitchen

not being big enough to hold them all. Alick

knew Katie at the gate in sight; and though she

seemed never to look his way, she knew perfectly

well how he watched her; and moved, perhaps

by the natural spirit of coquetry, she marched

with her knitting into the house, and shut her-

self up in her bedroom. It had a window look-

ing on the lane, and Katie sat near it with her

pins and stockings, peeping out sometimes to

see how the evening went on, and whether there

was promise of fine weather next day to cut the

corn. Alick wandered off by-and-by. How should

he know that tiny lattice in the bushy pear-tree

was Katie's?

CHAPTER IV.

Alick, Kester, Katie, and the rest, were all in

the fields next morning as soon as the sun was

up, and the reaping began. Katie would bind for

Alick, and during the day, the two exchanged a

good many sharp words. Rob McLean came to lend

Somehow comforted. Kester re-entered the